her. She implores him to turn from his idle, foolish ways. Master Harry sinks on his knees by her side, but just as his sister is about to rejoice and kiss him, he looks up in her face and bursts into loud laughter. She is much exasperated, and, threatening to send some one to him who will talk to him in a very different fashion, she leaves the stage. Master Hopeful thereupon dons his dressing-gown and smoking cap, and, lying lull length upon the sofa, begins to have a quiet smoke. He is interrupted by the appearance of a most wonderful and grim old woman in blue spectacles—Mrs. Terrorbody. This is no other than " Sister Letty," dressed up in order to frighten the youth out of his wits. She talks and talks, and, after painting vivid pictures of what will become of him unless he alters his " vile ways," leaves him, but not before she succeeds in making him shed tears, half of fright and half of anger. Later on, Sister Letty, looking from the window, sees a grand fight .goitig on between Master Harry and a butcher-boy, and then Harry enters with his coat off, his sleeves tucked up, explaining in a state of blazing excite-ment that he " *had* to fight that butcher-boy, because he had struck a little girl in the street." Letty sees that the lad has a fine nature in spite of his folly, and appeals to his heart and the nobility of his nature—this time not in vain.

" Distant Relations " was far more inconsequent, but it served to show our versatility, at any rate. I was all things by turns, and nothing long! First I was the page

boy who admitted the " relations " (Kate in many guises).
Then I was a relation myself—Giles, a rustic. As Giles,
I suddenly asked if the audience would like to hear me
play the drum, and " obliged " with a drum solo, in which
I had spent a great deal of time perfecting myself. Long
before this I remember dimly some rehearsal when I was
put in the orchestra and taken care of by " the gentleman